

my strange addiction

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my strange addiction

by [timelimez](#)

Summary

It had started out as a joke, because of course it did.

Well, it was more like a challenge to himself, really. You could only go so far on the internet without running into pictures of boys in pretty skirts with hundreds of comments praising them, calling them pretty and cute and all sorts of things.

George wasn't against it, people could wear what they wanted, he'd always thought that, but the idea just hadn't really appealed to him much personally. Until that moment.

Notes

skirt george send post

usual stuff: don't share with cc's, don't repost. if dream or george state they're uncomfortable with fanfiction this work will be taken down.

also this fic drew some inspiration from some of the other incredible george in skirt fics that i've seen on here :] wanted to try my hand at one, so here we are!

had some difficulty finishing this tbh, it's not my favorite fic of mine, but i wanted to give u guys something anyway :']

twitter: timelimez

It had started out as a joke, because of course it did.

Well, it was more like a challenge to himself, really. You could only go so far on the internet without running into pictures of boys in pretty skirts with hundreds of comments praising them, calling them pretty and cute and all sorts of things.

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It was just a Twitter post, he wasn't really sure how he'd gotten there in the first place, but the guy in the pictures had an incredibly similar build and body to George. And the guy was wearing a little blue tennis skirt. And he looked good. And. Well. George got to thinking.

Why not, right? If he didn't like it, he could always return it. And if he did like it, well... his brain was already filling with lots of other ideas.

So George had measured himself before ordering a skirt, which according to the website, was a deeper, vibrant red.

By the time the thing was being shipped, George had gotten very excited. He liked being pretty, liked it when Dream called him pretty, specifically, so he was looking forward to potentially showing off his new garment to his boyfriend.

George and Dream had been living together for close to a year, although obviously they'd been together for much longer than that. They'd fallen into a nice pattern; wake up together, eat together, work together, fall asleep together. It was better than George ever could have imagined.

And they had sex. Obviously.

Dream usually took control, not that George had a complaint about it. Dream was good with his mouth and even better with his hands. He was generous in bed, liked being a little rough and throwing George around a little. All things that George very eagerly welcomed.

Not that George disliked their dynamic in bed, not at all, but with a skirt... George had the potential to be the one with power over Dream. He could make him do whatever he wanted. And that excited the hell out of him.

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Dream was in his office working when the package arrived, so George was able to sneak downstairs and grab it before Dream could take a break and realize they had mail.

Sneaking back into their bedroom, George locked the door behind him. He wanted a little time to himself, first.

Eagerly tearing open the package, George pulled out the skirt. Although he couldn't quite see the color, he could tell it was bright. The fabric felt nice against his fingers, soft and airy. Unable to hold back his excitement, George grinned.

He stepped out of the gray joggers he'd been wearing, dark blue boxer briefs staying on. Carefully, he stepped into the red skirt, pulling it up around his waist.

It fit perfectly. George bit his lip, studying himself in the full length mirror on the wall. The skirt fell above his mid-thigh, leaving his pale, soft legs on display. It hugged around his waist snugly, flaring out at his hips and accentuating his thin frame. He couldn't help but blush as he gave a little flick of his hips, making the fabric swish up, revealing even more of his thighs.

He felt good. Confident. Delicate. Pretty. All of the above. And he looked hot.

There were a couple of other things he knew would make him look even better, though.

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After washing it and getting rid of the package it had come in, the little red skirt sat ignored in the back of George's sock drawer for the next couple days. His other package had arrived the previous day, with discreet packaging, thankfully, so George was able to play it off to Dream as a new graphics card for his PC.

All of his new garments were washed and ready, and after a few YouTube tutorials, George had shaved his legs, too. If he was going to dress up, he might as well go all out. Plus, he had to admit, the feeling of rubbing his smooth legs together was heavenly.

He'd gotten himself ready in the shower, fully expecting things to escalate once Dream saw him. He even pressed his favorite plug inside of himself, a little navy blue thing, keeping himself open and ready for whatever Dream would want to do.

Dream had just settled down in his office to start coding something, so it was the perfect opportunity.

As soon as George was sure that Dream was busy at work, he scurried up to their bedroom and squirmed out of his regular clothes. First was the thing he'd been the most nervous and maybe the most reluctant about: the panties.

Hands trembling the slightest bit, George carefully pulled the delicate garment up his legs. He shuddered as the soft lace rubbed against his most sensitive parts. It felt incredible, hugging his ass perfectly.

Not wanting to overthink the panties situation, next George pulled on the red skirt. Just like before, it fit perfectly around his waist, making him feel delicate and pretty.

He didn't want to overthink what top to wear, either, but he'd settled on his favorite hoodie. Dream had given it to him a couple weeks ago, it was one of his black merch hoodies that was multiple sizes too big. It was cozy and familiar, a nice comforting feel to calm his nerves.

Finally, George settled on the edge of the bed. The sheer black stockings he'd bought had a little strip of silicon around the tops, designed to stay up without a garter belt. One by one, George carefully pulled them on, the delicate scalloped edges resting around his mid-thigh. Some of his pale, pretty thighs spilled out around the top of the stockings, and George let out a pleased sigh as he smoothed his skirt down.

Once he was finally all dressed, George stood up to inspect himself in the mirror.

He looked even better than he had with just the skirt on.

Tucking the front of the oversized hoodie into his skirt, George felt a shy smile spreading across his face. He felt pretty.

He pulled the waistband of the skirt up a little bit, making it reveal just the tiniest bit more of his soft upper thighs.

Looking himself over one more time, George's smile grew. He grabbed his phone from the nightstand, smiling coquettishly as he took a picture of himself in the mirror.

Pleased, George put his phone back down. He pulled the big hoodie sleeves over his hands, giving himself cute little sweater paws, before stepping out of the bedroom.

He'd given Dream a bit of time to get some coding done, but whatever project he was working on could wait. George felt far too pretty to go without attention.

Heading down the hallway, George softly knocked on the door to the office.

"Yeah?" Hearing Dream's familiar voice inside, a wave of butterflies washed over him. George cracked open the door, peeking just his head in. Upon seeing Dream working on a program, listening to some music on his second monitor, he couldn't help but smile fondly.

"Hi there," Dream smiled, pulling his headphones down to his neck.

"Hi," George shifted on his feet. "Are you in the middle of anything?" He asked, starting to get a little nervous. "Er, uh. Could you help me with something in the bedroom?"

"Yeah, sure. Just give me a minute, let me finish this up really quickly." Dream gave him another soft smile before turning back to his computer.

Anxiety at an all time high, George closed the door and scampered back down the hall to the bedroom.

He gave himself one more double check in the mirror, adjusting the stockings and making sure they sat just right on his thighs before smoothing the skirt. He'd be fine. Dream would like this.

After another minute or so, George heard the telltale footsteps approaching the door. He took a deep breath, putting on an innocent little smile as Dream opened the door.

"What was it you said you needed help—" As soon as Dream turned his head to see George, it was like he forgot he was even speaking at all. His eyes went wide, mouth open as he stared silently at his boyfriend.

"What do you think?" George asked coyly, wiggling his hips a little bit as he looked down at himself.

Dream was still staring wordlessly at him.

George's confidence faltered. He swallowed the lump in his throat, feeling burning hot shame rise up his throat. "Do you, um, do you not... like it?" He asked, voice coming out smaller than he'd intended. He ducked his head, feeling his face grow incredibly warm. "Sorry, uh, I just thought..." He shuffled awkwardly, fidgeting nervously with the sleeves of the far too big hoodie he wore.

"George," Dream breathed out, finally snapping out of his trance. "George, no, of course I fucking like it," He said quickly, approaching George and hovering his hands over his hips, like he was too delicate to touch. Thankfully, though, he finally laid his hands on George's waist.

"I love it." He corrected himself, letting one hand slide up to cup George's red cheek.

A shy smile made its way onto George's face. "You do?" He asked, shuffling on his feet a little.

"Yes, holy shit." Dream breathed out, eyes raking over George's figure. "Give me a spin, here," He stepped back, taking one of George's hands.

Smile growing, George let Dream spin him around, the pleats of the pretty skirt flying out and teasing the very bottom of the delicate lacy panties he wore.

Dream raised an eyebrow, undoubtedly having noticed. "You wanna show me your whole outfit?" He asked, stepping over to the bed and tugging George over.

George straddled Dream's lap, settling down easily. Dream laid his hands on George's waist, making him squirm. "Well? Got anything else to show me?" Dream said lowly, letting a hand run down to rest on George's thigh.

"Um, I..." George ducked his head, face growing impossibly more red. Dream pinched the lacy edge of a stocking between his fingers before letting it snap back against George's thigh, making his breath hitch.

"Nothing under here you were gonna surprise me with?" Ever so slowly, Dream let his big, warm hand slide up under George's skirt, fingers running over his lacy panties. "You put these on just for me, George? Wanted to show me how nice and pretty you dressed yourself up?" He murmured.

Biting his lip, George looked down. "Yeah," He admitted, settling his arms around Dream's neck, neatly manicured nails fidgeting with the neck of his plain t-shirt.

Chuckling, Dream moved his hand up to cup George's ass. "You're so cute," He breathed out, "You look really pretty like this."

George couldn't help but straighten up a little, proud of himself. "I do?" He asked quietly.

"Fuck, yeah. Get up, I wanna see another spin," Dream hoisted him off of his lap. Smiling bashfully, George adjusted his hoodie before giving another spin, loving how delicate he felt in his whole little outfit.

Grinning, Dream patted his lap, holding his arms out for George once more.

George happily settled back in Dream's lap, wrapping his arms around his shoulders.

"Why don't you show me what you have on under your skirt," Dream breathed out in his ear, making him shudder.

Face flushing, George reached down to lift the front of his skirt up, showing Dream his pretty black panties, and his half-hard cock straining against the soft material.

Dream took in a deep breath. "Fuck, you're gonna kill me." He ran his hand up to squeeze George's lace covered ass.

Pleased with that response, George let his skirt fall again, leaning forward against Dream's chest and hugging him. "I'm glad you like it. I was, uh, I was getting kind of nervous, honestly," George admitted breathlessly, resting his chin on Dream's shoulder.

"Of course I like it," Dream laughed softly, rubbing George's back a little. "You look so pretty."

He said genuinely.

George settled into the hug, feeling especially cozy in his big hoodie, swimming in the soft black fabric.

Dream hummed. "You wanna do something? Or did you just want to show me your outfit?" He asked, pulling back from the embrace a little to rest his hands on George's hips.

George scoffed. "Why do you think I wore it in the first place?" He wiggled his hips a little.

Dream laughed, squeezing his hips. "Good. 'Cause I don't know how much longer I could've been able to control myself." With that, George was scooped up, Dream's strong hands under his thighs, and then he was deposited roughly onto the middle of the bed. Dream spread his legs easily, crawling between them and propping himself up on his elbows.

George's heart was racing as he wrapped his legs around Dream's waist, the soft fabric of his skirt being hiked up to reveal more of his panties.

"Fuck, look at you, George," He breathed out, before diving in and pressing their lips together. Letting out a pleased sigh, George let his lips part. Their tongues danced together perfectly, falling into a practiced rhythm.

Breathless, George pulled away, tipping his head back as Dream trailed messy kisses down his jaw to his neck.

"Fuck, you're so pretty, dressed up like a little slut just for me." George bit his lip, squirming.

"I feel pretty," He breathed out, face flushing. "I wanna be pretty for you."

Dream groaned. "Fuck, you *are* pretty." He ran his hands down George's sides.

"I want you to keep your skirt on, George. And your cute little thigh-highs." Dream demanded, voice low. "Wanna fuck you in your pretty little outfit."

George sat up, tugging himself into Dream's lap. "I have something else for you," He told him, wrapping an arm around Dream's shoulders and taking one of Dream's hands with his free one.

"Yeah? You wanna show me, pup?" Dream asked lowly. Grinning, George guided Dream's hand to cup his ass, pressing his palm over the flat end of the butt plug he'd pressed into himself.

Dream raised his eyebrows. "What's this, huh? Did my pretty little slut get himself all ready for me?"

George squirmed. "I - I did," He agreed, biting his lip.

"You're filthy. Got all dressed up just so that I'd fuck you, didn't you?"

"I did, I did," He buried his face in Dream's shoulder.

"Let me take your panties off, honey. Wanna play with you." George nodded, laying back against the pillows and lifting his hips to help Dream get his panties off.

After lifting his arms, too, Dream easily pulled the hoodie off of him and tossed it aside. He peeled his own plain t-shirt off too, a sight that George greatly appreciated.

Spreading George's legs, Dream grinned wolfishly. "Look at you. Little whore." He reached a

hand down to tug at George's butt plug.

George shuddered, turning to hide his face in a pillow. "Fuck, I - I got all dressed up for you. Wanted to be pretty." He whined softly.

Dream scoffed. "You're filthy." He harshly tugged at the plug, making George cry out.

"Yeah? You like that? You like being my dirty little slut?"

George nodded desperately, grabbing a pillow to hide his face better.

"Nuh-uh, pup. Keep your eyes on me if you want me to fuck you."

Whimpering, George set the pillow down. "I *need* you to fuck me," He said, eyes big and glassy as he looked down at Dream.

Dream pressed the plug back into George, angling it up right against his prostate. George arched off the bed, moaning, squeezing his eyes shut.

"Bet you picked out this skirt thinking about how slutty you'd look, didn't you? Wanted me to fuck you nice and hard in your pretty little skirt?"

George nodded desperately, feeling tears prick at his eyes and shame rise in his throat. "Yes sir, I did, I wanted to be all pretty for you,"

"You're fucking filthy." Dream hiked George's skirt up even more, ghosting his free hand over his aching cock.

George squirmed, tears finally slipping down his cheeks. "Fuck me! Please!" He cried.

Dream pulled the plug out of George abruptly, making him jolt. "I want you to ride me. Show me how bad you need my cock."

George nodded shakily as Dream pulled his own pants and boxers off, settling back against the pillows. George crawled into Dream's lap, sniffing as a pair of big hands settled on his hips.

"Go on, baby." Dream coaxed, spitting on his hand before stroking his own cock a few times to slick it up.

George whined, bracing himself on Dream's strong shoulders before slowly lowering himself onto his cock. He let out a relieved moan as he finally got what he'd been craving.

"There's my good little slut. How's that feel, hm?" Dream groaned, blunt nails digging into the delicate fabric around George's thin waist.

George shuddered. "Good, so good," He breathed out, squeezing his eyes shut.

Dream chuckled, leaning forward to nip at George's soft bottom lip, holding his jaw and brushing his thumb over his barely-there stubble that was beginning to grow.

"My pretty boy. So fucking pretty in your little skirt," He praised, bringing George in for a sloppy kiss before the other man could respond.

George melted into the kiss, starting to slowly bounce himself on Dream's thick cock. His skirt was rubbing almost painfully against the sensitive head of his own leaking erection, making him whimper. The burn was perfect.

“Close, sir,” George panted, tugging his fingers in Dream’s floppy hair.

“Already? We barely even started. Fucking whore.” Dream hissed, snapping his hips up roughly as George bounced. Surprised, George yelped as a pair of big hands easily pulled him off of his cock and threw him onto the bed.

“You don’t get to come until I do, slut, you got that?” He growled, harshly pushing George’s legs apart and stuffing his cock back inside of him.

“Fuck!” George cried out, throwing his head back and arching his back as his eyes stung with tears.

“You need to respond when I address you, George,” Dream warned, and George barely registered him raising his hand before there was a burning pain across his cheek. He sobbed, tears finally spilling out of his eyes. The pain felt *so* good.

“I’m sorry! I’m sorry, sir,” He babbled quickly, writhing as Dream started up an unrelenting pace of pounding into him.

“Good boy,” Dream seemed to hesitate for a moment. “Color?”

“Green, holy shit, green!” George huffed. “Fuck me harder,”

Dream let out a humorless laugh, eyes darkening. “Oh, now you want to act like a fucking brat again?” He raised his hand. “I don’t think so.”

Another harsh slap was delivered to his other cheek, and George let out an embarrassingly loud moan.

“You like that, don’t you, whore? You like it when I throw you around and treat you like the little slut you are.” Dream gripped both of George’s hips again, undoubtedly leaving bruises under his pretty skirt.

“I do, fuck,” George cried.

“I should just leave you like this, not even let you come.” Dream shifted the angle to pound right against George’s prostate, leaning down to breathe in his ear and spreading George’s pale thighs farther apart, practically folding him in half.

“Fuck - yellow, yellow, can’t stretch that far,” George gasped, face twisting. Dream immediately leaned back, letting George get more comfortable, before starting up his movements again.

“Shouldn’t even let you come, you’ve been being such a little bitch,” Dream said again, snapping his hips.

George squirmed. “No, please, I - I need to come!”

“Beg.” Dream said simply, ceasing his thrusts all together and pushing George’s skirt up to expose his cock.

“God, Dream - Sir, please, I need to come, I got all dressed up just for you, *please*,” George pleaded, more tears slipping down his stinging cheeks.

“I don’t know if that’s good enough.” He said cruelly.

“Sir! Please, please, I’ll do anything, I *need* to come,” George sobbed.

Dream chuckled, gripping George's hips as he finally started up his thrusting again.

"Go on then, baby. Come for me." He ordered, wrapping a warm hand around George's neglected cock.

George wailed, clenching harshly around Dream's cock as he came, making a mess all over his brand new skirt, back arching and stocking clad thighs trembling. Dream fucked him through it, stroking him in time with his thrusts until George was whimpering for him to stop.

Dream carefully pulled his hand away, slowly pulling out of George.

Still a little dazed from his orgasm, George blinked slowly, tired, turning his head to look at Dream. "Don't you still need to...?"

Dream just smiled ridiculously softly, shaking his head. "Nah. I'll take care of it myself later, want to make sure you're okay first." He murmured, kissing George's forehead before getting up to go get a washcloth.

George let his heavy eyes fall shut, groaning as he felt Dream's big hands carefully slip the soiled skirt off of him. Next were his stockings, and then he whined in discomfort as Dream carefully wiped the excess lube off from his ass and thighs.

"I know, honey," He murmured, gently cleaning him off as best he could before crawling into bed next to him. "Is your face okay?" Dream asked worriedly, cupping George's cheek impossibly gently.

George leaned into the touch, humming a little. "'S fine," He mumbled.

"Are you sure?" Dream asked. George opened his eyes a little, taken aback by the amount of concern on Dream's face.

"I'm sure." He said, leaning forward to give Dream a quick kiss of reassurance. "I liked it a lot. I would've told you if I didn't or if it was too much."

Dream nodded, pulling the sheets up and tucking George in before wrapping his arms around his waist. "I never want to, like, actually badly hurt you." He said softly.

"I know you don't," George laughed softly, gladly leaning back into the comfort.

"And you're not a slut. Especially not for dressing up like that. You looked really, really pretty. Handsome. Cute. I don't know, just overall attractive." Dream murmured, pressing a kiss to the back of his neck.

George blushed, closing his eyes once more. "You really liked it?" He asked sheepishly.

"Yeah. And not just in a sexual way," Dream said, "I'll buy you all the skirts and shit you want, George,"

He reached a lazy hand back to thread in Dream's hair. "I, um, I think I'd actually like that. I liked being... pretty... I guess,"

Dream grinned. "You were *very* pretty." He assured him.

George felt his face grow impossibly more red. "Thanks," He mumbled.

"So. Being slapped on the face, huh? That's new." Dream teased.

“You’re an idiot. Come here,” George rolled over to face Dream, smiling coyly as he reached a delicate hand down to cup Dream’s still hard cock, making him gasp. “Let me take care of *you*, now.”

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